THE REPRIEVE:

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

J——ck K——ch

TO

C——————l C——————S.

Famæ non nimium bonæ puellam,
Attraxit propè ſe manu negantem;
Et bis, terque, quaterque baſiavit:
Quid profecerit oſculo, requiris?
Sexcentos modò, quos dabat, negavit.

MARTIAL. Ep. Lib. vi. Epig. 66.

Dulcis in Elyſio narraris Fabula campo,
Et ſtupet ad raptus Tyndaris ipſa tuos;
Ridet, & Iliacos audit Menelaus amores,
Abſolvit Phrygium veſtra rapina Parim:
Accipient olim cùm te loca dira malorum,
Non erit in Stygiâ notior umbra domo.

Lib. xii. Ep. 52.

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Alexander Cochrane
of Boston

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FROM

J------ck K-------ch

TO

C------l C---------S.

SINCE Fate deceiv'd us both, in Fear and Hope,
Me in my Fee, and you, Sir, in a Rope;
Since baulk'd in my Attendance at the Tree,
To ſhew your Honour my Dexterity,
I ſhall not ſhare the parting Pſalm and Cup,
Then tye the Knot --- good Night --- ſo tuck you up;
Yet think the threatning Storm not quite o'er-blown,
But hear the Monarch of the Three-leg'd Throne.

Let not good Fortune from your Mem'ry caſt
The Man --- who by his Friends ſticks to the laſt;
For their Sakes meets the dread Approach of Death,
And catches in a Hug their parting Breath:

Let

Let not your Pride with your Succeſs ariſe,
But ſeem attentive, whilſt I do adviſe;
Liſten, as tho' I had you in a String,
The Cart prepar'd to move, and you to ſwing;
Your future Frolicks thus you ſhall maintain,
Secure from real Rapes, or thoſe you feign.

Where was the Cunning of your Country loſt,
(Gunning! --- the only Art the *Sc--ch* can boaſt!)
That thus you dar'd to ſtand the fiery Teſt,
To ſave your Gold, --- and turn a publick Jeſt?
Can Juſtice ever let your Crimes eſcape,
Whoſe Character alone wou'd prove a Rape;
Or Heav'n unmov'd, ſuch lawleſs Scenes review,
Whilſt *Tyburn* mourns a Victim long its Due!

No thinking Jury cou'd eſpouſe your Cauſe,
So ſtrong her Evidence, ſo plain our Laws;
Your Witneſſes their Parts did over-act,
Their Honour, like your Vigour, we ſuſpect:
Had you reſolv'd to make your Virtue clear,
Your Incapacity ſhou'd firſt appear;
Your ſhapeleſs, ſapleſs Carcaſs there been ſhewn,
With all the lifeleſs Trump'ry of a Drone;
Undoubted Proofs of Impotence alone:

Grizly

Grizly Threeſcore in Form had you diſplay'd,
What Jury cou'd believe you forc'd a Maid?
Some Things the Law demands ſhe ſoon might feign,
But never make your Penetration plain;
For when you bravely ſtorm'd the Petticoat,
You only thruſt your --- * *Night Cap* in her Throat.

Or did the Honour of the Caſe provoke,
To give up Life and Fortune for a Joke?
Proud of the rampant Raviſher's bright Name,
Bravely you ventur'd all to fix a Fame;
How ſtrange your Fate! --- ſuch Vengeance is your Due,
Stripp'd and condemn'd --- for what you cou'd not do.

Thus doating Witches of bleak *Scotia*'s Land,
In mad Conceit all Nature's Works command;
Make the rude Elements obey their Charms,
Thunder at Land, and raiſe at Sea loud Storms;
Mounted on Brooms, thro' Air they ſwiftly ride,
And dance and ſing with *Satan* and his Bride:
Wiſe Mother *Kirk* devours the ſtupid Tales,
And equal Faith o'er Prieſts and Flocks prevails;

* Swore at the Trial by *A. B--d.*

The ſtrong Deluſions ſo poſſeſs their Brain,
They fly to Death, their Credit to maintain.

When next th' *Old Bailey*'s dreadful Bar you grace,
And the forc'd Virgin ſtares you in the Face,
Let her, like * *Beſs*, with Sword erected ſtand,
Whilſt you the Scabbard waver with your Hand:
Your thick-ſcull'd *J---ry* then will plainly ſee
A nimble Tail ſecure Virginity,
And ev'ry Wriggle ſet a Maiden free.

Your Pimps may ſwear you raviſh like old *Jove*,
And have as oft in various Shapes made Love;
You cannot boaſt the ſilver Swan's bright Charms,
Nor can you thunder in a Virgin's Arms:
Your only Merit is the golden Show'r,
And that into no Female Lap you pour;
But if the God e'er took a Form ſo dull,
'Twas when he leap'd *Europa* as a Bull.

O *Ch----s!* --- *Ch----s!* had you ſerv'd her better,
You long might live from Halter free and Fetter;
Nan ſwore the Rape, -- becauſe you cou'd not -- † *wet her*.
She ne'er had prov'd you ſuch a vig'rous Sinner,
But that you did not --- put --- the Matter in her;

* Q. *Elizabeth*'s Method of ſhewing a Rape.

† The Term made uſe of at the Trial.

Cou'd

Cou'd youthful Ardour from your Eye-balls ſtart,
And God-like Vigour nerve each feeble Part,
No Rape had ſtunn'd our Ears, or froze your Heart.

Truſt me, who know the Inwards of that Sex,
And ſcorn with trifling Doubts your Soul to vex;
Fearleſs you ſtill may meet each injur'd Dame,
Cou'd you but lay, as well as raiſe their Flame,
And ſprinkle Drops of Pleaſure with the Shame.
The Man that raviſhes they can forgive,
But grieve to let the fumbling Letcher live.

Then don't affect the Stallion, when grown Old,
But as you've loſt your Teeth, let go your Hold;
Lay your *Seraglio* down, thou very *Turk*,
And do not teaze your Maids, but let them work:
Take your neglected Deareſt to your Arms,
And ſup at leaſt on Matrimonial Charms;
Too much for ſuch a thankleſs Wretch ſhe wrought,
She ſure may have you, ---- now you're good for nought.

Your former Courſe of Life if you'll maintain,
And Mercy now is exercis'd in vain,
Think, that the Judges on the Bench you ſee,
Think of the Jury and the Tripple-Tree,
And if you pleaſe ---- you then may think of me.
As keeneſt Sportſmen for their Game do watch,
So for your Honour waits, your humble Slave -----

J--ck K--ch.

Cou'd youthful Ardour from your Eye-balls dart,
And God-like Vigour nerve each feeble Part,
No Rape had fumm'd our Ears, or froze your Heart.

Truth me, who know the Inwards of that Sex,
And scorn with trifling Doubts your Soul to vex;
Fearless you full may meet each injur'd Dame,
Cou'd you but lay, as well as raise their Flame,
And sprinkle Drops of Pleasure with the Shame.
The Man that ravishes they can forgive,
But grieve to let the fumbling Lecher live.

Then don't affect the Stallion, when grown Old,
But as you've loft your Teeth, let go your Hold;
Lay your Seraglio down, thou very Turk,
And do not tease your Maids, but let them work:
Take your neglected Dearest to your Arms,
And sup at least on Matrimonial Charms;
Too much for such a thankless Wretch the wrought,
She sure may have you, --- now you're good for nought.

Your former Course of Life if you'll maintain,
And Mercy now is exercis'd in vain,
Think, that the Judges on the Bench you see,
Think of the Jury and the Tripple-Tree,
And if you please --- you then may think of me.
As keenest Sportsmen for their Game do watch,
So for your Honour waits, your humble Slave ---